the ICONoclast

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THE COERCION OF NUDIST CHILDREN
Stripped of Personal Freedom

by Collette Marie

In 1972, when I was 11 years old, I was molested by a pedophile at Willamettans Nudist camp in Eugene, Oregon.

My father forced me — through psychological manipulation and physical coercion — to strip naked and attend nudist camps when I was a child from the ages of 11 to 14, causing three years of almost unbearable shame, powerlessness, and unhappiness, the effects of which I still suffer today. I am now 29 years old.

The following is the story of how I was forced to attend these camps as a child, and necessarily concerns the ideology of sexism and child abuse that enables the victimization of women and children to occur in this society.

Collette Marie's article, and accompanying drawings, destroy the nudists/naturists' most cherished illusion: the image of the happy, wholesome, smiling, well-adjusted, clothing-optional family.

Nikki Craft

I have always had a strong sense of identity, even as a child. This sense of selfhood included a feeling of the right to have personal space: the need for bodily boundaries and safety, the right to say "no." This inner integrity that I had as a child began to combine with the self-conscious awkwardness of puberty, which for me began at age 11 in the form of small breasts. *(Continued on next page ☛)*

Continued from Page 1

Stripped of all Personal Freedom

Thus, at this time, I conceived of an ever-growing need for privacy. I always made sure the bathroom door was shut behind me, and always wore clothes around the house. I began to need and take more space in order to integrate the experience of a changing body — a vulnerable, confusing time since my body was sending me new messages that I needed to process at my own pace.

My father was a perpetual nudist around the house all the years I was growing up. Since he was also Lord and Master of the household and made the rules, my mother and younger sister (by 15 months) followed "suit," seemingly unself-consciously lounging around the house without a stitch from dawn to dusk. I did nothing of the kind. I was the "black sheep," and my father was determined to shear me of my wool at all costs, to bend my will to his own as he saw fit, to "break" me of my "unnatural" and potentially dangerous "inhibition," as he conveniently termed it. How I came to despise that *man*-ipulative word!

Imagine my fear and confusion! My growing need for the freedom and privacy collided with my father's conviction that I had a critical "body-image" problem, and also collided with my own notion that parents — especially my father — always "knew best." I had been told this in so many words by my father and by other adults. Wasn't he, after all, older, stronger, and wiser than I?

All I knew was that I needed him; I couldn't survive alone in the world. So, since I had no good role models, I began to believe — or almost believe — that my father must be right about me.

I had no female role model. Yes, I had a mother; she was a nurturing parent, comforting me with her love when I was down. But she was silent, invisible — her selfhood was nearly non-existent.

If Willamettan's management does not wish to discuss camp policies regarding child molesters with a former Willamettans' child molestation victim, then who will they talk about it with?

I first became aware of the disturbing power imbalance between my parents at the ripe age of four, and everywhere I searched thereafter in the outside world for some affirmation, some consolation for being female, I saw instead the same sick, distorted pattern I saw at home.

In part, my early development of a strong selfhood was the result of a struggle for survival, a necessary and healthy response to the terror I felt of being annihilated in a vacuum of self-

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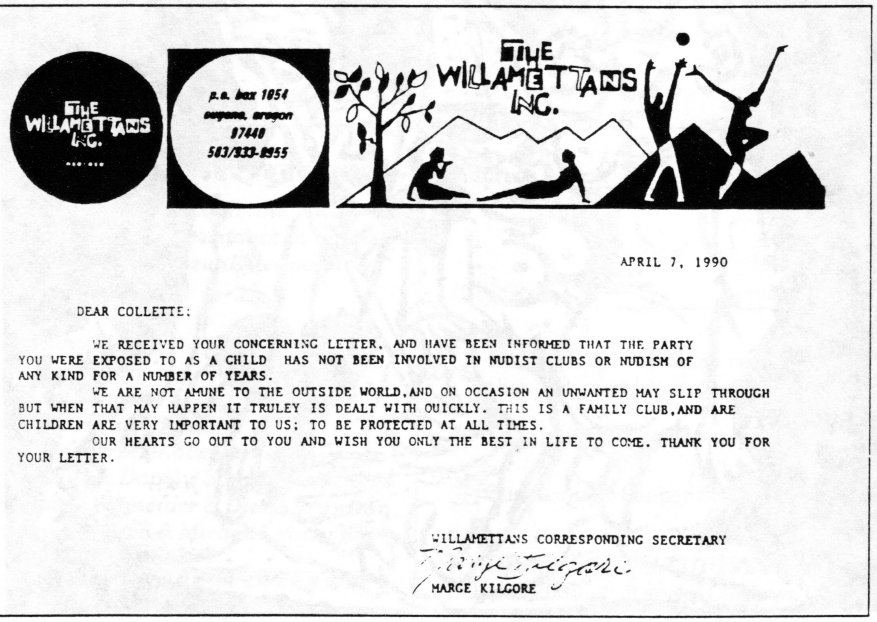

APRIL 7, 1990

DEAR COLLETTE:

WE RECEIVED YOUR CONCERNING LETTER, AND HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT THE PARTY YOU WERE EXPOSED TO AS A CHILD HAS NOT BEEN INVOLVED IN NUDIST CLUBS OR NUDISM OF ANY KIND FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.

WE ARE NOT AMUNE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, AND ON OCCASION AN UNWANTED MAY SLIP THROUGH BUT WHEN THAT MAY HAPPEN IT TRULEY IS DEALT WITH QUICKLY. THIS IS A FAMILY CLUB, AND ARE CHILDREN ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO US; TO BE PROTECTED AT ALL TIMES.

OUR HEARTS GO OUT TO YOU AND WISH YOU ONLY THE BEST IN LIFE TO COME. THANK YOU FOR YOUR LETTER.

WILLAMETTANS CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

MARGE KILGORE

Molested at Willamettans

On February 1, 1990, I wrote Willamettans a five page handwritten letter, describing in full my experience of being molested at their nudist camp nearly two decades before. I asked questions regarding their policies concerning child molesters.

- Do nudists camps network with one another, informing one another of child molesters so they know who to closely watch or to bar?
- Are recidivists ever barred from attending all nudist camps for the protection of children? If so, how many offenses does it take in order for them to be "blacklisted"? (Why isn't the first offense enough?)
- Why was the man who had molested me not only allowed to attend other nudist camps after that incident, but allowed to judge a nude beauty pageant the next year?
- I asked where this man was now, if still alive. I requested his address so I could write to him regarding my feelings of his past treatment of me.
- I asked Willamettans to please not protect the abuser in this case, as it all too often happens.

I got back a well-meaning but extremely short and uninformative letter. They failed to address any of the issues I raised regarding camp policies concerning pedophiles, and referred to my molester, whose first name I remember as Lonnie, only as "the party." Theirs was a disappointing response, to say the least. Especially since I gathered from the letter that Willamettans is possibly aware of the man I asked about.

Willamettans did not (as I had requested) elucidate their policies, nor did they reassure me that improvements in the system have been made regarding pedophiles since I was molested at their club.

If management does not wish to discuss camp policies regarding child molesters with a former Willamettans' child molestation victim, then who will they talk about it with?

I believe there is a denial at nudist camps regarding the sexual deviants in their midst. For these reasons I believe that nudist camps remain excellent places for abusers and a dangerous place for children.

Collette Marie

effacement, of becoming invisible and unheard like my mother.

At age four with this inner knowledge developing within me, I vowed not to grow up and have children like my mother. It seemed for women to mean putting one's own needs last and dissolving as a self.

I clearly perceived my mother's powerlessness and I hated and feared it, since as a female I was supposed to emulate her. I also intensely resented my father for his domination of her. At 11, I encouraged Mother to stand up for herself. Father never realized her potential autonomy; Mother was merely an extension of his ravenous pseudopodic ego and not a real person in her own right, existing merely to gratify his endless wants.

My father continually expressed his contempt for my mother and for women as a class. His "manhood" — his idea of *not* being a member of the powerless and contemptible female class — depended on it and was thus assured.

I began to consistently defy my father. I believe his forcing me to attend nudist camps was in part an attempt to break my will which questioned his absolute authority over everything and everybody.

Father routinely ordered Mother around and insulted her. She'd be walking naked around the house, and he'd tell her that her body looked like flabby shit. Over a several year period he would feel my younger sister's naked butt approvingly and comment to my mother that she should have a firm butt like her daughter's. Sometimes he'd tell her she looked good; it depended on his whims. I remember how her face would fall when he'd condemn her body. Her world revolved around his universe and his judgement meant grace or damnation to her. Her sadness made me want to run and throw my arms around her and tell her she was great.

My father kept us kids in line with the usual spanking tactics, and occasionally slapped my mother. Since she was easily cowed by other methods, physical force was rarely necessary. He spit on her contemptuously once when I was five. My father dominated mostly through threats of physical force, verbal abuse, financial power, and psychological manipulation. In the latter my father was an expert: he had dogged persistence and polished wheeler-dealer skills acquired through years of selling real estate. He applied these techniques on his family with consummate gamesmanship.

By the time I was 10, my resistence to Father escalated the friction. I was beginning to "sass" him, to insist upon my right to privacy when he would nag me to disrobe like the less "inhibited" members of my family. I became increasingly "lax" in my household chores, resisting the beaten path of my house-bound mother. Spankings and groundings increased. I spent many hours of atonement standing in a corner staring at the wall.

I often felt tremendously guilty and confused. There were times when my father could be very loving and proud of my accomplishments. I reveled in the pride he took in me. I loved him so much that I often felt guilty for my inner rage toward him.

I was artistic and Dad's praise was always forthcoming. He really tried at times. But my father's radiant love often seemed conditional: he could "turn on a dime" and suddenly become a terrifying, threatening spectacle if displeased.

My father was an avid collector of pornography. He had boxes and boxes of *Playboy*, *OUI*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and lots and lots of nudist magazines. He had some "underground" porn as well, including issues concerning coprophilia [sexual obsession with feces] and child molestation.

When I saw the magazines I was sickened and felt ashamed of him. In one creepy image, I remember a drawing of a father and daughter, in which the little girl who looked 5 or 6 was sitting on her father's lap, with the end of his huge dripping penis buried in her. I was horrified that my father wanted to own this stuff.

As my rebelliousness increased, he began to withdraw the praise I had come to rely upon for inspiration. He began to call me names such as "spoiled lazy selfish self-centered bitch-brat" (a favorite of his). I became angrier and more rebellious. A vicious circle had begun.

• • •

Glen Eden in Southern California was the first nudist camp I was forced to attend, back in 1972 at age 11. When he broke the news concerning our impending nude vacation day, I threw a tantrum, screamed and pounded the floor. To no avail. The next day we headed out by car for an hour-long ride — with me sobbing and protesting all the way.

The methods employed by my father to disrobe me once at the camp grew more and more devious — the typical "this is for your own good" line didn't work. Persistent nagging sometimes worked, as did threats that I wouldn't get to see my favorite cousins during school vacations.

Once on the way to Glen Eden I was sobbing and my enraged father reached around and slapped me hard across the face. Instead of shutting up, I started screaming with rage and humiliation. My silent mother never intervened on my behalf, and this incident was no exception.

I remember the time my clever father *tricked* me out of my clothes. He told me he wanted me to go for a swim, which necessitated disrobing entirely (strict camp pool rules). I made him promise to give me my clothes back when I was done; I thought that if I pleased him by going for a nude swim I would be granted clothes the rest of the day. He promised, and I trusted him. I took my swim and got out, only to find that he was holding my clothes high over his head, looking smugly down at me. I cried and jumped in vain to reach those clothes, calling him a liar. My trust had once again been broken. A favorite saying of his was "the ends justify the means." And he had achieved his ends.

During the summer we made the nudist camp circuit up the coast from California to British Columbia, Canada, and back, staying for several days at each camp. Summer vacations were a nightmare for me!

The pervasive atmosphere at the nudist camps I was forced to attend was this: "This is a clean, family-oriented place; we're all healthy, safe, and free here, no need to hide. After all, the human body is not being repressed so there's almost no possibility of sexual de-

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viancy of any kind." However, I intuited that this was a widespread form of denial, because *I* didn't feel safe. Later on my suspicions proved correct.

One clear memory of an overheard conversation concerned the friendly pool maintenance man I had seen a few times at Glen Eden. He'd been asked to leave the grounds permanently because he had been molesting kids. I was a bit surprised because he seemed to have such rapport with kids. Yeah, the jerk liked kids all right. I never saw him again.

During the summer we made the nudist camp circuit up the coast from California to British Columbia, Canada, and back, staying for several days at each camp. Summer vacations were a nightmare for me. Like many other nudist children, I never was able to grow accustomed to the camps. I couldn't accommodate the sense of violation and betrayal I was feeling from my father, and the impression that I was being examined by thousands of strange eyes.

One time while sitting by a pool at one of the camps I considered acting on a fantasy: I would grab my clothes and head for the scrubby hills yonder, and cause my father (among others) a lot of consternation. I would run away, and when found and asked why I had done it, I would tell the naked truth about my situation and expose my father like he was exposing me. I guess I had felt too trapped to actually attempt such an escape at the time.

Camp Willamettans, Oregon, is situated on the Willamette River. In the summer of '72 they repainted the convention building. I was 11 years old. Out at the pool I noticed a nude middle-aged, tall, thin, grey-haired man snapping shots of nude little girls. He went all over camp taking such pictures, with a few token shots of grown women. He made no attempt at concealment. Therefore everyone assumed he was aboveboard. Why was this old man so interested in little girls? I wondered at the time. Why didn't he photograph trees or buildings? He wanted to take pictures of me and my sister. My sister allowed him without hesitation, and warned me to do likewise or I would have to deal with Dad. She was voicing my exact thoughts.

All drawings by Collette Marie, 1989

I knew I had to prove I was uninhibited or risk a lecture, or worse, from Dad. So I agreed to let Lonnie "shoot" me because he was not going to give up. He was like Dad, very persistent. I got out of the water and stood in front of him at his request, and he gave me a beach ball with which to pose. I held it in front of my pubic area, but he asked me to put the ball on top of my head. My inner voice screamed "Noooo!" but I knew I couldn't listen to it. I was caught, snared, and he shot me, pinning me with eyes both human and machine, trapping my image on celluloid.

I felt crazy, the world felt crazy - but I was absolved. I pleased Dad through this old man, and this was one small raft of consolation on my sea of inner desolation.

Thus I spent the whole day with this old man, feeling the warm glow of absolution. The old man took pleasure in chatting with me. He told me they were repainting a building at the camp for the convention the next day, and we sat together while he answered my questions as to what "convention" was. It was getting dark; a few hours earlier it got cold and my father allowed me to put on clothes — at last — and Lonnie himself was in a robe. So I felt safe, comfortable sitting there dressed with this old man who had accepted and absolved me.

Then he asked me to take a walk with him; he needed to get something from his RV. I agreed to go. It was quiet, no one in sight. As we walked along Lonnie asked if he could put his hand up my shirt. This felt "icky," but I agreed. After all, he had seen me naked, taken pictures of me. I ignored the screaming inner voice, and let him. He was a fatherly old man who had condescended to talk to me, to *me*, one who was slowly becoming invisible, dissolving like her mother, because there was simply no way to stop this dissolution anymore. Nowhere to run and hide, to be safe and whole.

I was the "black sheep," and my father was determined to shear me of my wool at all costs, to bend my will to his own as he saw fit, to "break" me of my "unnatural" and potentially dangerous "inhibition," as he conveniently termed it. How I came to despise that *man*-ipulative word!

He felt one small nipple and then the other, saying, "You must be developing. "Yes," I agreed.

We reached the RV. Luckily, his wife was there, making the bed. Lonnie introduced his "little friend;" she expression-

lessly greeted me and went back to her work. We left.

Back in front of the convention building, he told me quietly, "By the way, don't mention my touching you to your parents, they wouldn't understand. It's just between us." I agreed to this but was suspicious. Something was definitely wrong here! It had to be bad if you couldn't tell! This confirmed my inner knowing. After a few more minutes I said good-bye calmly, but ran back to our campsite and sat at the table by my parents. My mind was confused, racing. I didn't want to tell, but I had to. I felt ashamed, because I realized I'd been tricked once again, betrayed by someone I let myself trust despite my inner voice.

Finally I "confessed." I was relieved that my parents didn't seem to be upset with me, but with the old man. But I still wanted to crawl into a hole and die, because I was so unhappy.

I begged them not to confront the old man; I didn't want to be further exposed by dissemination of the incident. I blamed myself for being stupid; I didn't want anyone else to know how stupid I was.

My father went off for awhile and returned with Lonnie's roll of the slides of me. Then Mom, Dad, and I went to the camp authorities. I told them what happened, and they seemed concerned and didn't blame me for the incident. I felt like a piece of shit, regardless. We left the next morning, and I never found out if the camp confronted Lonnie, or if he was asked to leave.

me who were being forced to strip at these nudist camps.

Sometime that year, my father gave a slide show of several rolls of images from our vacation and scenery shots to Tom Doyle, a close family friend who sometimes attended nude beaches with us. Suddenly, a nude little girl appeared on the screen. I couldn't even hear my father's narration, I was so shocked. There I was with the beach ball on my head, "smiling." I had never seen the image be-

Another thing that disturbed me as a pre-teen about my father was that he seemed attracted to my 9-year-old friend (I was 11). Once my father said longingly that Brooke was very sexy for a little girl and he had no doubt she'd be having sex with boys her own age before the age of 14.

My Dad was threatened by the strength of the bond between Brooke and I. One time he snarled at me, "You and Brooke always have to be together. What are you two, a couple of little lesbians?" I was hurt by his tone, even though I wasn't quite sure what a lesbian was.

Later my Dad bragged to his friend Tom that he had "made it" with my precocious 17-year-old best friend. I was 18.

When I was 12, at another camp in British Columbia, a beauty pageant was being held—female flesh in the raw to be examined, prized, and possessed by males. I remember only men on the panel of judges. Suddenly, I gasped! Lonnie was up there on the stage, a judge at this pageant!

Mom saw him and quietly warned me to stay away from him. I was naked in front of him once again, so I felt especially vulnerable.

Naked women began to line up, seemingly hundreds of them, to enter the contest. Finalists would be handpicked later. Tan lines, as I recall, were undesirable — points were taken off for any evidence of clothing. Tanned,

I get out of the water and stand in front of him at his request, and he gives me a beach ball with which to pose. My inner voice screamed "Noooo!" but I knew I couldn't listen to it. I'm caught, snared, and he shoots me, pinning me with eyes both human and machine, trapping my image on celluloid.

For Dad, nothing changed. I was still forced, that summer and following summers, to attend nudist camps "au naturel." I hated the whole affair more than ever now, and continued enforced attendance was sheer torment. I resisted in the same old ways and my father employed devious tactics. I cried often. I wondered if there were other kids like

fore and didn't want to see it now. Nor did I want anyone else to see it. My father had *kept* those slides instead of dumping them or turning them in as evidence! I was very angry. I remember looking at my father's face, wondering if he knew what torment he was causing me. His face was calm, at ease; he never even looked my way.

naked women from ages 16 and up, lounged by the pool while buzzing swarms of men shot them with cameras. It made me sick!

All of the men with cameras were dressed, including my father, for once. The disparity between the men and the women was obvious; it's hard to imagine

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the reverse — buzzing swarms of dressed women snapping shots of nude, coy men lounging by a pool.

My mother would have entered the pageant, but was too pale for this one. She was a little disappointed. After all, she had won the Miss Tujunga-Sunland Beauty Contest in the early 60's. It didn't raise her self-esteem to have won that pageant.

One morning at Rawhide Ranch, near Sacramento, California, in 1972, a little boy and I took a walk around a lake. I had left for a couple of hours while my parents were still asleep. I knew I had been gone too long. Sure enough, upon arrival at the camp-site my father threw me down in the tent and spanked me hard. I was crying and, though I was dressed, he was naked. It disturbed me that he was naked while hitting me!

My father was voyeuristic. He was more obsessed with my body than I ever was. He'd get disturbed if I pulled my chest back from his when he would hug me. Once (I was 13) when I was getting out of the shower he made me hug him when I was naked (he was dressed). I was clasping my towel around myself, it kept slipping, and I felt strange.

Finally, at age 13 or 14, Dad let up on me. He said he had seen a psychologist who told him to stop forcing me to attend nudist camps, saying to him that I was getting "too old" for that sort of thing. *I was so relieved!*

However, the years of torment had taken their toll. I was hostile, distrustful, and confused. An overwhelming sense of shame for being female dogged me constantly. My father and I fought continuously concerning my sexual identity. Once, when I was 18, I made a half-hearted attempt at suicide. I wanted to die because of the shame of being female in this world. Mom was often suicidal too.

I began to consider running away from home. When our fights got to be too much, I'd run off for part of the night.

Father would laugh smugly at me if I complained about sexism in any way. He discounted all my ideas and feelings. When I said that women taking men's last names was just another way in which females are made invisible in our culture, he told me I was "making mountains out of molehills."

Dad believed that women were weak and men were strong. He said that the natural order of life is that men dominate women, and women *desire* to b dominated because it makes them fee more feminine! He said that if I couldn't accept this I was abnormal sexually — a potential lesbian. If repressing women was so natural, how come my subservient mother was beginning to slash her wrists so that she'd have to get stitches? To overdose on drugs so that she nearly died once? She had twelve electric shock treatments, was "tranquilized," incarcerated in several mental hospitals, all of which only seemed to exacerbate her problems. (Of course, one cannot expect a patriarchal institution to address the *real* problem, that Mother had been born female in a patriarchy.)

Around this time I was assaulted by another man, but not at a nudist camp. I didn't report the incident because I thought my father might blame me for it. My father once explained that if I got raped it would be my fault and not the poor man's, who just couldn't control himself. I fumed. Men have defined women's psychology, sexuality and spirituality, also deciding when, where, and to what extent women shall or shall not wear clothes.

In retrospect, I perceive that my father forcing me to strip down at camps was one segment along a continuum of bodily boundary violations. Perhaps he was attracted to my developing female body and denied this attraction, projecting blame, guilt, and hostility onto me.

I had inadvertently pulled to the surface some of his deep-seated insecurities. So he tried — maybe without fully realizing it — to crush my will by disempowering me through the humiliation of exposure. I think both of these factors were motivating forces in my father's oppressive treatment of me and why it was more healthy to end the relationship than to continue it. ▼

I cried often. I wondered if there were other kids like me who were being forced to strip at these nudist camps.

Collette Marie is an artist and activist currently residing in Bellingham, Washington. She has taken part in the Myth Whatcom County Beauty Pageant Protest and has been arrested at the local masturbation service center (i.e. the porn shop) for ripping up **Hustler** magazines. She swims nude with friends and wants to organize a shirtfree demonstration someday. She has extricated herself from her father and dropped his last name. She has joined **NOPE** and has been invited to be interviewed for an upcoming documentary on nudism to be produced by Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Her article, "The Coercion of Nudist Children" and others will be published next year in *Making Violence Sexy: The Politics of Pornography.*

CONFRONTING THE ABUSER

Nikki Craft

I met Collette Marie when I was working in Bellingham, Washington last summer. During a slide show I gave at Western Washington University, which she attended, I discussed the exploitation of nudist children. Afterwards, she approached me and said that she had been photographed and molested at an Oregon camp.

Soon after that we met and she gave me an article she had written about her father that briefly touched on nudism. She showed me a copy of the pathetic letter *[See page 2]* that she had received from Willamettans' management in response to her lengthy letter about the camp's current policies regarding child molestations, as well as specific questions she asked about the man who had molested her at their camp.

After talking extensively with Collette I became convinced that the information she offers is reliable and that her story needed to be told.

Her writing spoke well for itself, so I asked her if she would be willing to write more. The article she wrote destroys the nudist/naturists' most cherished illusion: the image of the happy, wholesome, smiling, well-adjusted, cloth-ing-optional family. I am convinced that her experience with nudism is not an isolated one, and that we need to listen to what she is saying carefully.

One thing Collette kept expressing to me during our conversations was that she wanted to confront the man who had abused her. So, I began calling long-time nudists to try to find out who this Lonnie was. It is **NOPE's** belief that the same man who Collette asserts molested her is not only currently active in the nudist lifestyle, but contrary to the information that Willamettans gave her, he may still be a member at their camp. **ICON***oclast* readers should know that we have been met with active non-cooperation by the Willamettans' management and the American Sunbathing Association (ASA) in each and every attempt to discuss the matter or verify information. Still, we will go ahead and publish the information that we have available at this time.

NOPE welcomes additional information, particularly a photograph (or positive identification) of Lonnie who was on the panel of judges for the Western Canadian Sunbathing Association's (WCSA) Royalty Pageant at Meadowbrook in 1973, or any man who fits the description in Collette's article *[See article Page 1.]* For identification purposes Collette remembers that his hair was grey and cropped short at the top with no receding hairline; and that he wore a robe a lot of the time — "almost like a habit."

This article contains the information that we have been able to obtain after talking with individual contacts within in the nudist community. It is as near to the truth as we are capable of getting at the time of printing this newsletter.

When I called Willamettans in August 1990, I spoke with the club representative who had talked with Collette when she called last February. Since he requested that his identity not be revealed, we'll call him Doug. Doug advised me that he did not want to make light of what Collette had said, but felt that since she had only described a man putting his hand up her shirt, that he believes "she should confront her father, rather than some man." Doug also stated that Collette's letter had been brought before the board and that one of the board members said that the Lonnie that fit the description had not been a member there; and that he was no longer active in nudism.

I asked Doug if he had discussed the matter with the Lonnie who is currently a member at Willamettans. At first Doug seemed surprised that I was aware there was a current member at their club named Lonnie. He replied, that there had been no reason to discuss the matter with him because that Lonnie (who was present at the camp during that conven-

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One thing Collette kept expressing to me during our conversations was that she wanted to confront the man who had abused her. So, I began calling long-time nudists to try to find out who this Lonnie was.

FRIENDS . . . AND ENEMIES

It's time to contribute to the ***ICON****oclast*

For the last year N. O. P. E. has sent out nearly twenty thousand complimentary copies of *the* **ICON***oclast* to feminists, nudist organizations, law enforcement agencies, government officials, activists, and our friends. Now we need your financial help to continue the research and reporting on this ground-breaking expose of the nudist/naturist movement and the men behind the picturesque scenes portrayed in their magazines.

But, not only our supporters should subscribe. If you are a pedophile who has a "professional" interest in keeping up with what we are doing (who knows, maybe we'll be writing about *you* in 1991), please send us your money today!

If you support our work against child pornography and molestation and want to put these men out of business, won't you please fill out the subscription form on the back page of this issue? If you can afford an additional contribution it will be appreciated and used solely to promote this research. The work can continue only with your financial help. It's that simple.

tion in 1972) would not have been parked in the area where Collette was taken. Lonnie also had a small (ten to twelve foot) camper trailer; not an RV (which could have easily been confused for an RV by a child.) Doug also stated that it didn't seem important to question Lonnie because he is not currently active at the camp.

But after making a few phone calls **NOPE** has learned that far from being uninvolved, it appears that a Lonnie (Willamettans refuses to verify his last name) does currently attend the club each weekend to play pool with his wife Pearl. In fact, even though Willamettans' management informed me that he was not present at the last ASA convention three years ago, it appears that according to another source, Lonnie was there. (This was the same convention where convicted child molester Tim Wilcox was ousted after complaints that he was furtively photographing children through the bushes.) During a recent convention at Willamettans, Lonnie was observed helping contestants on and off the stage during a children's talent show.

Since nudists commonly conceal their last names, even from close friends and since we have been stone walled by camp authorities, it has been difficult to substantiate Lonnie's last name. However, we have confirmed through one reliable source that the Lonnie who is currently a member at Willamettans is the same Lonnie who attended ASA and WSA conventions throughout California in 1970. We have also ascertained that according to financial statements dating back to April 1970 from Sequoian's Nudist Camp that Lonnie's last name is Monroe. (At least that is the name he goes by. Nudists often use false names.)

In the mid 1970's, according to **ICON***oclast* sources, Lonnie Monroe (who also had grey or white/blonde hair) acted as the official camp photographer for Sequoians and "always had a camera with him." He reportedly held several positions on their board of directors as well. In 1974, Monroe was on the board and also photographed alongside Leif Heilberg during the nudist child pornography heyday when Ed Leja and Heilberg photographed *Nuddist Moppets* at Sequoians. Lonnie Monroe was an active nudist who traveled extensively to different camps during the 1970's.

The Lonnie who is the current member at Willamettans currently lives in Sweethome, Oregon. He has been described as over 70 years old, 6 foot 1 or 2 inches, lanky, suntanned, slim 160 pounds, grey haired, soft spoken, and a photographer. A current Willamettans' member said that Lonnie has always been "nice" and "didn't make any waves." This member said, "Lonnie was a good person to have around and he would always ask to photograph." (If this is the same Lonnie he did ask Collette if he could take her picture too.) A long time member of Willamettans has verified that the same Lonnie who is currently a member there was also present at the WCSA convention in1973, and was possibly at the NSA convention in1972.

When Willamettans suggested that it would be impossible to get a positive identification on Lonnie, after all these years; then I suggested that they send Collette five photographs of similar, but different looking men, and not tell her which one was Lonnie Monroe. They could then verify if Collette had identified Lonnie. [I figured it wouldn't hurt to have his photo, either.] It seemed fair enough, but, Willamettans refused. Doug then assured me that a board member would soon be contacting me about this matter. The board member never called us. However, I later learned that on September 25, 1990 the ASA board informed the Willamettans' board not to discuss this matter (for any reason) with anyone.

In this article we do not mean to suggest the guilt of any Lonnie who is currently active in the nudist lifestyle.

From the information we have no one wants to put Lonnie in jail; or even on trial. Nobody is saying that he's even guilty of anything; or that he isn't a perfectly nice, friendly guy. However, Collette Marie does want to confront her abuser, and NOPE believes she and other victims of abuse deserve at the very least, that opportunity.

18 October 1990

Dear Collette,

Thank you for your letter dated October 4, 1990, which refers to an alleged incident that occurred in 1972. We are equally concerned about any individual who may have exhibited behavior as you have described.

The club records have been researched for that period of time and we find no mention of the alleged incident. Your concern is appreciated.

Thank you,
The Willamettans, Inc.

To the Board of Directors at Willamettans:

In February of 1990 I mailed Willamettan's staff member Jim Petre a letter concerning my molestation at Willamettans as a child in 1972. I would like this letter back please, as it wasn't given due consideration. I am amazed and upset that a current member of Willamettans by the name of Lonny Monroe was not even questioned before Willamettans sent me a letter stating "the party you were exposed to as a child hasn't been involved in nudist clubs or nudism of any kind for a number of years." Yet I have been informed that Lonny was not questioned concerning my molestation merely because he is such a "nice guy."

The protection of children at Willamettans should be given top priority — *not* the protection of pedophiles, who often masquerade as "nice guys" while preying upon vulnerable, trusting children. Lonny first gained my trust as a child because he seemed like such a gentle, caring, nice man — a soft-spoken fatherly sort. Then he molested me.

Sincerely,
Collette Marie

We publish the information thus far available to us to illustrate that, after only several phone calls we, (who are oursiders) can present enough information that suggests that it should have been obvious, that the Lonnie who currently plays pool on their grounds every weekend should have been (at the very least) questioned about the incident.

From the information we have no one wants to put Lonnie in jail; or even on trial. Nobody is saying that he's even guilty of anything; or that he isn't a perfectly nice, helpful, friendly guy. However, Collette Marie does want to confront her abuser, and NOPE believes she and other victims of abuse deserve at the very least, that opportunity. Why not let her and Lonnie talk this over? If he is not the man she is looking for, then that can be established.

NOPE contends that Willamettans should be facilitating that process rather than hindering it. Furthermore that they should not have been so quick to discount the allegations of a woman who was sexually assaulted on their grounds as a child.

There is not much we can think of that is more disgusting than the first letter Willamettans wrote to Collette except for the second letter they wrote to her. There was not even a signature on it. *[See Page 8.]* Once Willamettans, Inc. realized this was a matter that was going to be pursued they began worming their way out of responsibility (legally and otherwise) regarding what happened to her on their property. Stylishtically, the second letter might be more literate, but it lacked even a feigned concern for Collette's experience. The letter insinuated fabrication on her part, and made it apparent that, since the club records made no mention of the "alleged" incident, it was not of any concern to Willamettans, Inc. By omission, they also refused to return the letter she had written when she requested they do so.

It's not hard to convince me that camps maintain half-assed record keeping, nor that this incident would have been intentionally kept out of any written record. Camp managers are often like that. They protect their buddies — the good men who are their dues paying members.

NOPE believes that not only is Collette's experience a common one; but unfortunately so is the "cover thine ass" response of club management and the ASA. Collette Marie has perceptively articulated the coercion of many nudist children, while Willamettans has perspicuously exhibited the shameful non-response of nudist camps when it comes to instances of child molestation.

Her questions to Willamettans still ring in my ears, but one in particular resounds. It is: "If Willamettans management does not wish to discuss camp policies regarding child molesters with a former Willamettans' child molestation victim, then who will they talk about it with?" ▼

Collette Marie has perceptively articulated the coercion of many nudist children, while Willamettans has perspicuously exhibited the shameful non-response of nudist camps when it comes to instances of child molestation.

Nudist Camp Man of the Year Arrested for Child Porn

Cefus Illene Frederick from Otsego, Michigan, after being caught in a government sting operation, was arrested in 1989 for receiving child pornography through the mail.

In correspondence, that was confiscated by Federal Agents, Fredericks said he prefers materials that involve preteen girls having sex with men, women, or other children (in homosexual or heterosexual situations), wants all poses that are available. He stated that his age preference is girls aged eight to twelve, and added that he prefers color photos.

In confiscated letters he admitted to purchasing child pornography from overseas. He wrote: "I have a small collection of the above mentioned materials. I wish to add to my collection. I am sixty years old and addicted to kiddy porn. I believe I can satisfy my cravings for child sex with these materials which is for my personal pleasure only. I have in the past ordered these materials overseas."

During the investigation it was revealed that years ago Fredericks had been sexually involved with his teenage niece. Due to the delicate nature of the situation, and the embarrassment to the family, no formal charges were sought. There was a condition, however, that Frederick would undergo psychotherapy. Like many men who avoid prosecution for violent/and or sex crimes, despite the therapy, that he remains uncured.

Prior to his exploitation of the teenage relative, Frederick had been arrested in four separate sex-related incidents in the late 40's to early 70's. He has two felonies and two misdemeanors convictions involving sexually related crimes against children. He has spent time in prison in Iowa.

Fredericks, another pedophile who "likes to attend nudist camps," had in his possession, at the time of his arrest, the American Sunbathing Association's Nudist Park Guide. An award for "The 1983 Forest Hills Nudist Camp Man of the Year" hangs over a chair in his living Room. Forest Hills is where the American Sunbathing Association held it's annual convention in August, 1989. Despite his past convictions and his current arrests, he is not on the ASA "Caution List."

In February 1991 the **ICON**oclast called Forest Hills to inform the camp about his arrest. After I explained the situation, the woman who answered the phone asked, "Well, what's the reason you're calling here?" I replied that I thought her camp would like to know if one of their past "Man of the Year" award recipients (and perhaps current visitor to the camp) had been arrested for child pornography. I asked if she could have someone call me. She said she would pass the information on to the board of directors, but she added, "I don't know if he'd want to know this or not." Forest Hills representatives never returned our call. *Nikki Craft*

In Matters of Sexual Autonomy

The Child's Right to Freedom From Adult Exploitation

The "Position Statement on Media Abuse of Children" printed below was written by **Kids Headquarters** in Berkeley, California. We think it's an excellent beginning and will be working to revise this statement to reflect an awareness of specific nudist/naturist abuses of children in photography and how to deal with the problem. **NOPE** member's suggestions will be appreciated.

Kid's Headquarters, for years, been interviewing children (and adults) who have been exploited by photographers who took nude photos of them as children. Five years ago **KH** interviewed Jock Sturgis, the naturist photographer from San Francisco, who has photographed extensively at Cap d' Agde and last year had 100,000 negatives confiscated after he turned in 22 (count them) rolls of film exclusively of prepubescent girls frolicking on nude beaches and others in sexually provocative poses. (More on Sturges in an upcoming issue of *the* **ICON***oclast.*)

KH has also challenged the ACLU on their laxed position on child pornography and has been successful in getting the child pornography film called *Wish You Were Here* off cable TV.

• No adult should ask, or otherwise compel, any minor to undress for photography, or for any reason, except health requirements. (This does not affect voluntary, uncoerced nudism.)

• Nude photographs, films, or tapes, made within these limits should not be publicly disseminated or exhibited in any way, until the subjects are old enough to give their own adult consent; and until they do, they may demand possession or destruction of any such pictures at any time.

• Display, distribution, or purchase of photography that violates these considerations furthers the exploitation of the subjects and the destruction of their privacy and cannot be permitted.

• Exceptions can be made for pictures taken among groups in which nudity is standard in daily life.

Children **Must** Be Nude At **Most** Nudist Camps

After parents at Sequoians Nudist Camp became upset that Tim Wilcox, their camp photographer, had been arrested on child pornography/molestation related charges they informed camp management that they preferred their children to remain clothed and that some of the children felt more comfortable clothed.

Sequoians management, reflecting the policy of many nudist camps, informed members that all children were to be undressed at all times when present at the camp.

Children's rights should not be stripped away with their clothes. Forcing children to go nude, so that adults are more comfortable with their own nudity, is an inadequate reason. Avoid clubs and events that don't allow personal choice for people of all ages.

Naturists and Nudists Opposing Pornographic Exploitation

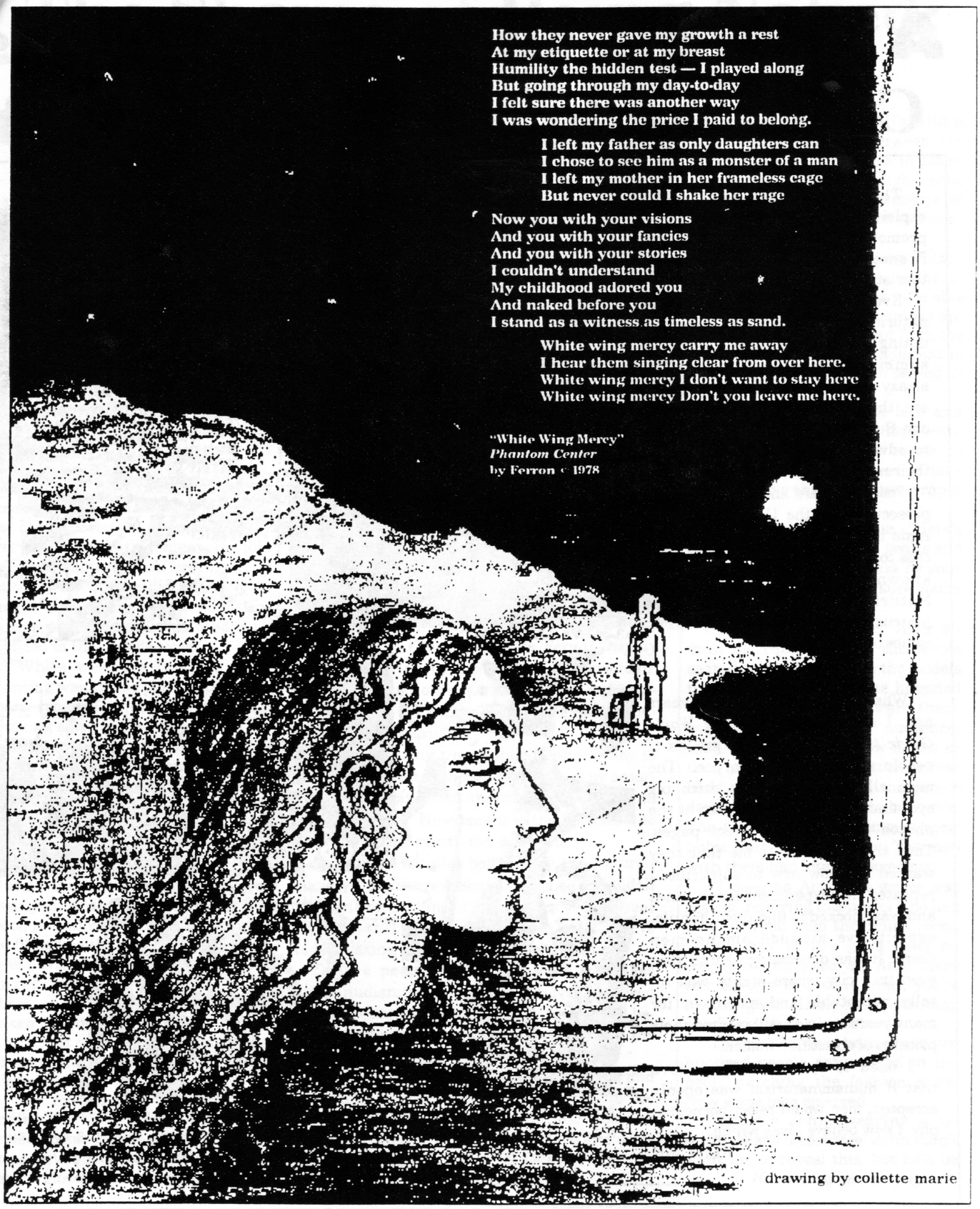
Children must be protected, not only from clearly "pornographic" interest, but from *all* adult intrusion into their intimacy — regardless of whether the apparent motive is sexual, artistic, commercial, punitive, or whatever. We would not infringe the right of parents to photograph their nude infants, but older children must not even be *asked* to undress for the sake of *any* adult interest.

Regardless of the motive, it is far too easy for an adult to make a child feel unable to refuse — even when the experience is just as traumatic and unfair as *forced* **nudity would be for adults. A minor's inexperience, impressionability,** *total* **dependence on adults, and vulnerability to adult pressures prevent a truly free choice or informed consent, even under the "best" conditions. Minors are not ready to make the important, extremely personal, and irreversible decision involved in posing nude — and they must be protected from adults who overlook this. No one's sexual autonomy should be subject to the authority or power of others. To be useful, laws against exploitation of minors must be based on age of consent considerations, not on vague interpretations of "obscenity."**

Regarding sex and nudity, the pressures of adult interests can be immense: protecting children's privacy and sexual autonomy from misplaced adult power is essential. *Continuing* **to provide adults [read men] open access to the nudity of minors is wrong. The First Amendment does not guarantee use of children's nude bodies as props or media for adult "free speech." And** *publication* **(distribution or display) of unfair nude photography is as unfair as** *production,* **because publication is what truly destroys the victim's privacy.**

Failures to respect these precautions have led to increasing public sexual subjugation of minors in the popular media. The first victims of this trend have recently reached adulthood. Some have sought help from Kids Headquarters. We ask you, with them, to endorse the following position and to support it in polities and laws.

Endorsed by: The Adam Walsh Child Resource Center, Believe the Children, The Children's Self Help Project, The Illusion Theater, Mothers in Action, The National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Parents Anonymous of Delaware, Prevention Training Associates, The Sunny Von Bulow Victim Advocacy Center, Victimology, Inc., N.O.P.E. and many others.



drawing by collette marie

A Haven for Pedophiles

Cap d'Agde Naturist Resort

These and other post cards exploiting children and women while promoting Cap d'Agde in South of France were on sale in the many tourist shops in the complex.

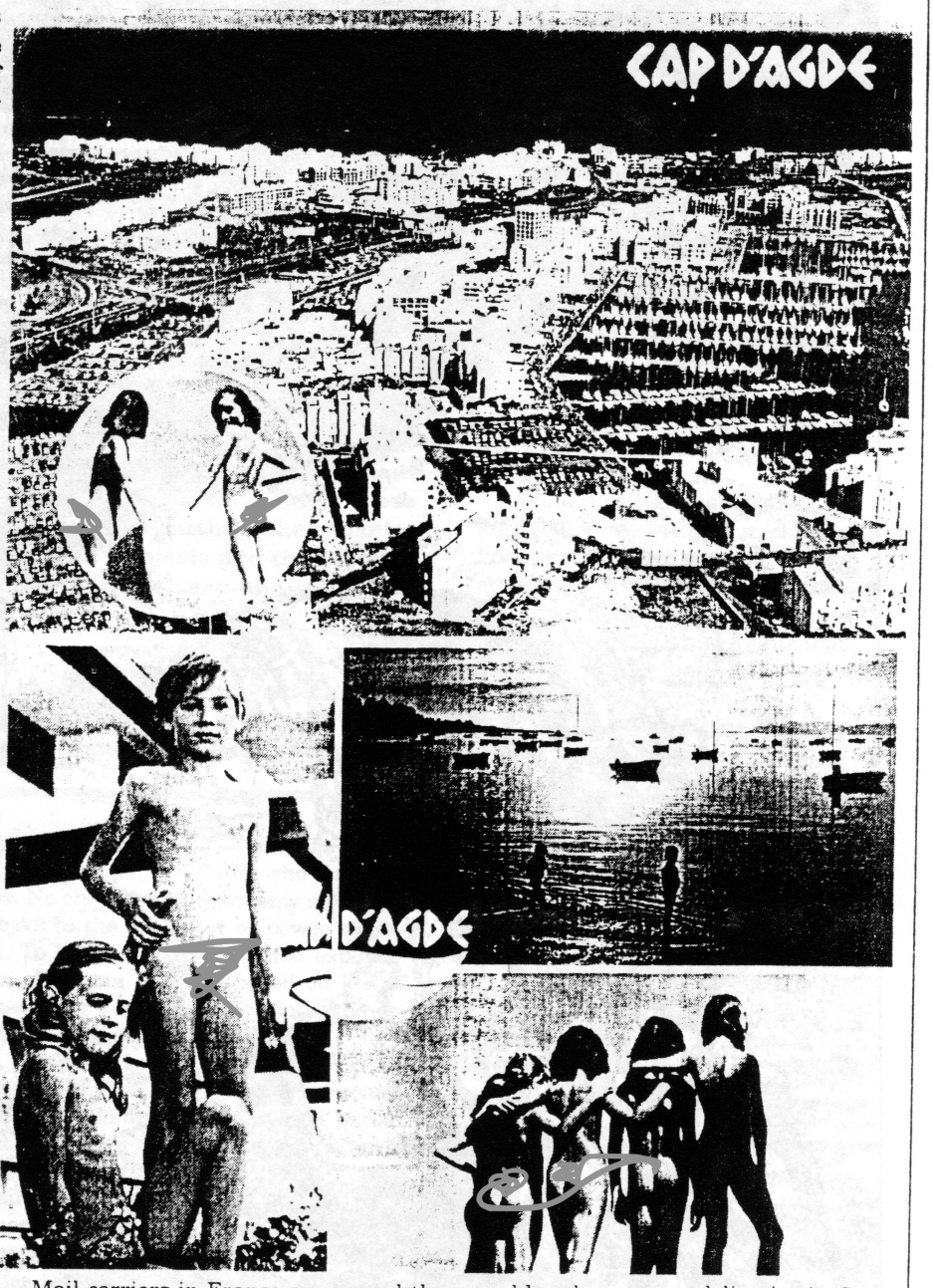
Even though Agde, the largest naturist resort in the world, accommodating as many as 20,000 people in summer months, has acquired a sleazy reputation with many travelers, the Naturist Society and American Sunbathing Association continue to advertise for it and promote it to their members.

Pedophiles are known to flee from prosecution in the United States to Agde because of the liberal, easy access to children. Several of these men known to **NOPE**, including past Naturist Society Member Don Marcus, will be discussed in upcoming issues of *the* **ICON***oclast*.

When I visited Agde several years ago, I showed copies of *The World Guide to Nude Beaches* to groups of people sitting around the pool. The men, all French speaking, with big eyes and ooh ahhs, first pointed at the photos of women on select pages. Then they conveyed to me that they wanted to know how to subscribe. I repeated this experiment many times and was shocked to find this infantile, exploitative attitude among men there. It was depressing to find that even in a city where nudity was totally acceptable and had been for many years the men still wanted their pictures of objectified women.

I used to optimistically believe that if nudism/naturism was openly accepted, men would reject pornography. I now believe I was wrong.

Nikki Craft



Mail carriers in France announced they would make no more deliveries in Cap d'Agde. Citing embarrassment as their reason, they began dumping all mail outside the town. *Sacramento Bee Dec. 30, 1990*

The Shame of Being Naked:
A Visit to a Nudist Camp

by Nina Silver

Sunny Rest Lodge in the Poconos is well known among nudists. I was invited there for a weekend by a male acquaintance, a member of Sunny Rest who took advantage of the management's offer to bring as many women as he wanted for free. The owners, responding to the disproportionately large number of men to women, are trying to attract more single women to the club.

The evening I arrived, I sat in the recreation room talking with a man in a body suit who was a writer. After a while, he pulled out his penis and showed me the nine cock rings on it. I asked him why he needed to exhibit himself — quite a paradox at a nudist camp: obviously, one needs to try very hard to do that there. He told me his exhibitionism afforded him an outlet which, if he did not have it, might make him even possibly dangerous as he acted out his need to be noticed in the outside world.

While we were talking, disco dancing was taking place in the adjacent room. The disco is the only evening activity. The owners told me later that they had to close the club's whirlpool between two and six o'clock am because people had been using the room to have sex.

The following day I was enjoying the heated pool when a man spoke into a microphone explaining that Sunny Rest was videotaping its yearly lingerie fashion show by the pool, and anyone who didn't want to be filmed as the models strolled past was advised to leave the area. I had mixed feelings both about being there at all and having my image taken as a bystander, but felt that as a writer it would be valuable for me to stay and observe from my well-placed seat.

The models were primarily customers of the resort. All of the women came out in skimpy lingerie, some with garters and cut-off elbow-length gloves. Most wore panties that often just covered the vulva with a single strap running between the buttocks to hold the cloth in place. The women also wore high heels, strutting around the perimeter of the pool in time to the emcee's comments.

"There's Cathy, modeling a black teddy with removable feathers. Seven or eight guys ought to be able to take care of her." The nudists applauded as Cathy came out from the door of the dining room adjacent to one side of the pool, which served as a stage.

"There's Pat in black lace and pink flowers. Doesn't she look beautiful? And a beautiful smile to match, with flashing eyes. That's the way you should always wrap a package."

The door opened again. "Here's Sandy in a red lace teddy, pearls and matching shoes. She'll pass by your place at night and make sure you're satisfied."

"Back row, back row!" After almost each presentation, the people seated behind me cajoled the models to come to their area. The lingeried women would sashay toward them, eyeing their attentive audience, then lean down and blow kisses or turn around and stick out their rear ends. I looked closer at the people directly behind me in the back row. The two women had trimmed their pubic hair into mohawks. The man with them had totally shaved his.

"I need an Amy," the emcee was saying, referring to a model who had just emerged from the dining room. "Don't any of you guys need an Amy? We all need an Amy. Here comes Amy in tassels. Amy, you're lookin' good....Look at that sliding pond. It's getting hard."

There must have been about two hundred people around and in the pool, watching the fashion show. Now some men emerged.

"There's John, wearing a G-string that's a cockatoo. John didn't want me to reveal this, but he'll be

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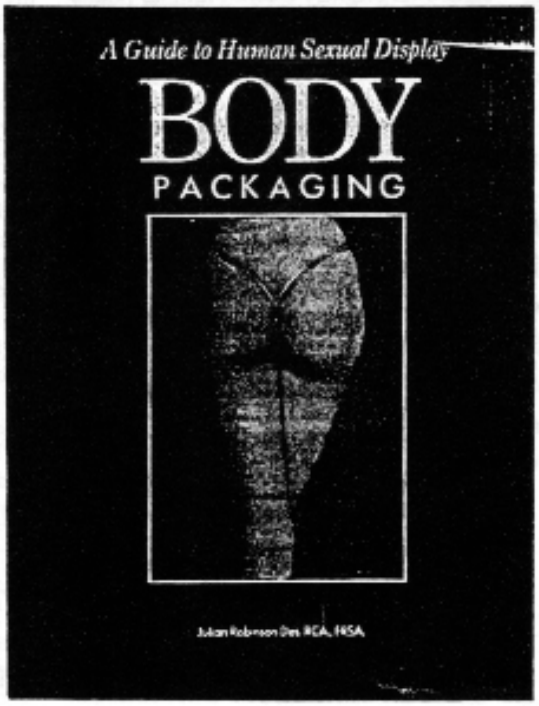

The sale of *A Guide to Human Sexual Display Body Packaging* by Ed Lange, Lee Baxandall, Bern Loibl and other nudist/naturist organizations sheers the flimsy appearance about nudism not being sexual.

It's been a long time public relations ploy to sell nudism and naturism to outsiders by assuring them that, "Oh, there is nothing sexual about nudism." Newcomers to the lifestyle who know no better mouth the same line.

As I culled the files before I left the Naturist Society I discovered memos that Lee Baxandall had written to himself laying out a several year strategy that revealed his intention to evolve his magazine into a more erotic publication.

To lure people by feeding them these lies about nudism/naturism is fraud. Nudism, even though it can be a non-sexual experience, is being exploited on a national level now and in the past, by its leaders and members.

The nudists and naturists should fess up and stop their hypocrisy. **NOPE** would like to see them bring the swingers out of their closet so the public knows who they really are and what their real intent is. *Nikki Craft*

DUELING AGENDAS

The Nudist Lie

"I wonder what it would be like to come to a nudist resort as an adult. To me it's second nature. I believe in it. I feel it is a safe place to be. Everyone has the same thing in common."

Judy Olds, former Miss Nude World, 1978.

"I think I'm a well-rounded individual. I don't have hang-ups regarding sex, clothing or personal communication that are so common today. I'm much more relaxed and more in touch with people than most others."

Buddy Mesher

"It takes away some of the allure of latent sexuality that you find when people are clothed."

Gary Sharp

"Maybe people think it's something else — maybe something sexual, but when they get here they find it's a social thing and the experience makes them feel good."

Myra Mesher

"What's predictable is that many people in our sex-oriented society would assume that nudism and nudist clubs are sexually oriented. Yet the human body loses much of its fascination when you stop playing peek-a-boo with it. First-time visitors to a nudist club are struck almost immediately with how unsexy a place it is. Nudists are generally very peaceful, very low-key, very unself-conscious."

Carol Goldberger's

Excerpted from "Why Nudism" from The American Sunbathing Association ***Bulletin****, June 1990.*

(Continued from previous page.)

single for the next two weeks and he said he'd leave the key to his trailer under the mat."

The male models' G-strings were designed as brightly colored animal heads that covered the penis. The men wore matching animal head hats. John, in an elephant motif, jumped in sneakered feet around the pool, poking various people with the elephant's trunk on his hat. None of the women had pranced like that. They all wore spiked heels and had to walk slowly as they were being watched.

The door opened again. "Here's Sandy in a red lace teddy, pearls and matching shoes. She'll pass by your place at night and make sure you're satisfied."

Sunny Rest Nudist Fashion Show

"Does anybody have a whip? Nine people have volunteered their whips," the emcee announced. Two women in matching teddies stepped in opposite directions and met halfway around the pool. Looking each other in the eyes, they kissed on the lips. The nudists clapped and cheered.

Another man came out of the dining room wearing a green-and-brown army camouflage pattern G-string and a helmet. "We got someone from a military base to model for us," the emcee quipped. "This guy's doing night patrol."

Then came the male-female couple walking haltingly in tandem. They wore matching scanty bottoms attached to each other by a chain. "Hold on to the person that brought you," we were advised. "Then again, you may not want to go home with the person that brought you...."

By now I had borrowed a pad and was furiously writing. I had become more accustomed to the probability that I was in the video movie as the camera swept by me each time it followed the models into the back row. Even so, I finally made a face as I looked at the camera.

I also looked at the clock. The show had been going on for about two hours. Periodically I'd dive in to the pool to cool off. Then I heard:

"Here are Cathy and Amy in pink and white. They're wearing frills. They look just like little girls." The emcee paused. "Doesn't that give a new meaning to little girls?"

I looked in the pool at two little girls and two boys about eight years old, leaning on rubber rafts. They were watching intently.

The last act of the show was two men in drag wearing wigs, heels and fringes. The nudist audience tittered, cheered and applauded. "Look at them," we heard through the p.a. system. "They're trying to be careful and don't want to mess their hair up." The two men joined the third male model and eleven women for the grand finale, all lined up holding drinks in a "toast" position. At least half the people around the pool had drinks. They were also smoking.

Two of the models were Myra and Buddy Mesher, the owners of Sunny Rest.

"There's Pat in black lace and pink flowers. Doesn't she look beautiful? And a beautiful smile to match, with flashing eyes. That's the way you should always wrap a package."

Sunny Rest Nudist Fashion Show

I talked to Myra and Buddy after the show. Myra was tired. "I had a little too much to drink," she told me. "But I wouldn't have been able to model otherwise."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Because I was in front of all those people looking at me. I had to drink so I wouldn't feel self-conscious."

"Don't you think that says something about the premise of the fashion show?" I asked her. "Maybe you were right to feel self-conscious."

"The show was a good thing." Buddy, her husband, immediately spoke up. "We have it because the people like it. And I never would have thought I'd be modeling; initially I felt funny. But I'm glad I did it. It was very freeing.

"The only thing," he continued, "that

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may not have been so great was that the kids were there."

"But it's better they learn about this here, where it's safe, than on the outside," Myra interjected.

"Here are Cathy and Amy in pink and white. They're wearing frills. They look just like little girls." The emcee paused. "Doesn't that give a new meaning to little girls?" I looked in the pool at two little girls and two boys about eight years old, leaning on rubber rafts. They were watching intently.

Sunny Rest Nudist Fashion Show

"Look," Buddy turned toward me, "I know how you feel. But these happenings are harmless. Women who had been too afraid and shy to go to lingerie shops were able to get the things here, even heavy women, women who don't have great figures. They were able to feel good about themselves. And yes, the people do come here to get titillated. I admit it, there's swinging here. But what people want to do in the privacy of their own bedrooms is their business — as long as I don't see it."

"Don't you think," I asked him, "that all this swinging diminishes people's ability to be genuinely intimate with each other?"

"When people come to Sunny Rest," Buddy explained, "they want to get away from it all — business, family pressures, politics. They don't want to talk about anything heavy. They need to let loose. Some people come here just to go to the disco and watch, then they go home and probably have better sex. Others dance, are part of the show. Whatever the people need, we provide that for them."

I awakened the next morning thinking about something else that Buddy had told me. One weekend during a Naturist Society gathering at Sunny Rest in 1984, he, Myra, and two other family members had seen at least five different adults with a pre-teenaged boy, all at different times. One man had been noticed with his hand down the boy's pants.

The youth's parents were not at the resort. At the end of the weekend, after he'd seen enough to know that something improper was going on, Buddy summoned the boy and all the adults into the office, locked the door and called the police.

(Nikki Craft and Lee Baxandall were present during the next several hours of questioning. Nikki has informed me that one of the offenders was a former state trooper named James O'Boyle, a member at Sunny Rest, who was convicted several years later for over 90 counts of child rape and sodomy. *[He will be discussed in a future issue of the* ICONoclast.*]* Paul Zimmer, who is now out of jail and currently networking with various naturist groups, was the only one convicted. Robert J. Schumann, a previously convicted child molester from Clarksburg, New Jersey was not charged for that incident.)

A sexual undercurrent does exist, I think, and I felt it most strongly during the 20 minutes or so I soaked in the hot tub with half a dozen attractive young couples.

James Yenkel
Washington Post News Service
"Nude Vacationing at a glance: a getaway at Sunny Rest"
August 5, 1990

This was the second incident of pedophilia Buddy had told me about during our two-hour conversation. The other involved a little girl who disclosed to Buddy that she was feeling uneasy because a man was following and staring at her. "I told him very gently what the little girl said, and he turned pale and started shaking. So I gave him his money back and asked him to leave."

The morning after my discussion with Buddy and Myra, it is raining. In one of the bathrooms I speak to a woman in her thirties whose boyfriend has brought her to Sunny Rest for the weekend without telling her that it is a nudist camp. As she speaks falteringly about her discomfort, she inadvertently dries herself off with my towel. I tell her I don't feel that this or any nudist camp is a good way to become introduced to a clothing-optional lifestyle. I ask her if her boyfriend swings. She says he does, but not when she's around, and she doesn't want to do it. He then appears at the screen door.

"Hi, frizzle-face."

"You're not in a good mood," she says.

"Sure I am."

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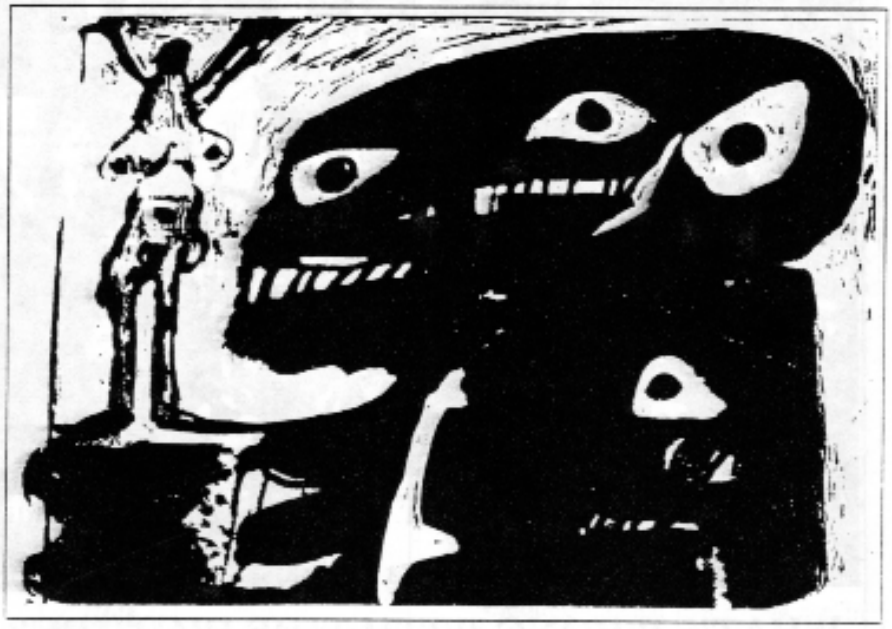

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"You're always in a terrible mood in the morning." Her voice is restrained, and as she speaks she is looking in the mirror and putting on makeup.

He takes out a cigarette. "Would you mind," I ask, "smoking away from the door?"

"Not at all," he replies, then mutters as he walks away, "Jesus."

I am not sure he's out of earshot. "He was being very hostile," I remark to the young woman, my voice low. Her eyes are earnestly focused on me. "This isn't a healthy place to learn about nudity," I repeat; then, "Don't let him intimidate you."

Even though my new friend is considerably taller than my five foot one inch height, she seems very frail to me. I don't yet want to leave her. "You have a right to do what you want," I say softly but firmly. "Don't let anyone pressure you. It's your life."

Suddenly, awkwardly, she gives me a hug from the side. I am very touched. "Be good to yourself," I tell her.

"Thank you. Goodbye." As I depart, treading my way down the path outside, I soberly contemplate that I'll probably never see her again. I doubt that she'll return to Sunny Rest. At least I hope not. I know I won't.

■■■

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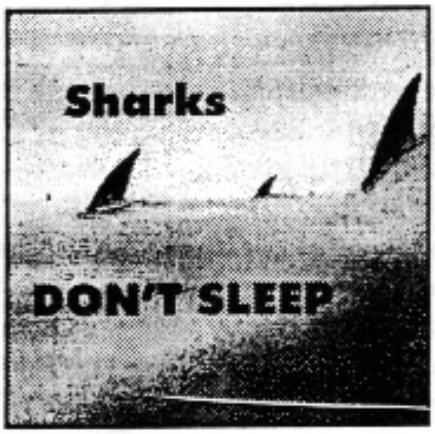
Healing Heart Music, P.O. Box 293, N.Y., N.Y. 10025.

Sunny Rest Lodge is an American Sunbathing Association Camp and the nudist club of choice for several Naturist Society Eastern Gatherings. Its reputation for swinging is well established and actively encouraged by management. During past Naturist Society Gatherings at Sunny Rest the unscheduled evening entertainment included women on table tops in high heels wearing Frederick of Hollywood nighties during crowded bar dances.

CALIFORNIA NUDIST CAMP OPERATO ARRESTED FOR EXPLOITATION OF CHILDREN

Dick Drost, former owner of a Roselawn, Illinois nudist camp called Naked City (previously known as Zoro Nudist Camp), promoter of Mr. and Miss Nude Teeny Bopper Universe Pageants," and proprietor of Naked City West in Southern California was booked on 5 felony and 4 misdemeanors charges on April 7, 1990 in Riverside, California.



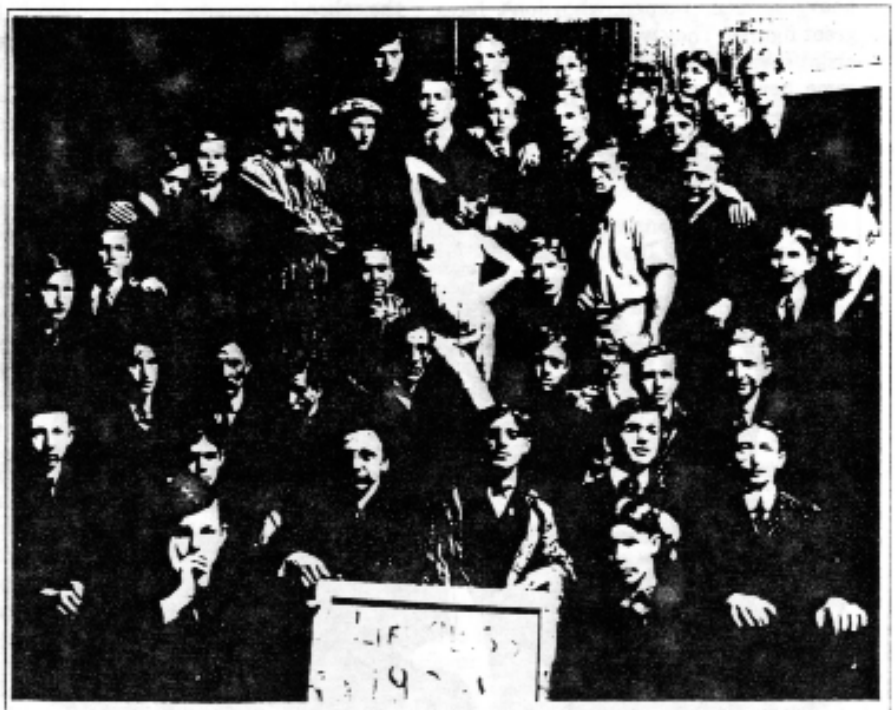
The current charges against Drost include procuring a minor by false inducement for lewd acts, exhibiting pornography to a minor, false imprisonment, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, immoral conduct in the presence of a minor, procurement by fraudulent inducement for prostitution, pandering and two counts of child endangerment. In Illinois, he was previously convicted on ten sex-related charges, including child prostitution, pornography and molestation involving, among others, a 13-year-old girl. During his trial, nudists from his camp testified in his behalf.

Drost, who has been an active nudist, running prostitution and child pornography from his Indiana camp for over twenty years has only been added to the American Sunbathing Associations so-called "Caution List" since 1986.

Drost currently edits a review of a national nudist camps and swing clubs.

More information will be made available on Drost in a future issue of *the* **ICON***oclast*.

Information from Press Enterprise and other sources.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Mira Falardeau, Festival International, '78 (Quebec, Canada) de la caricature. *Reprinted from Cultural Correspondence.*

Body Acceptance VS Exploitation

A Peek at One Woman's Insights

by Nina Silver

For much of my adult life I have gone naked. I'm not speaking about the obvious, as when making love or being in the bathroom, for which one has to be naked. I'm referring to clothing-optional living. From a very young age, I sensed that body shame is a most insidious way in which a person can be repressed.

Make someone ashamed of their body, and you erase their self-esteem and sense of belonging in the world. Not only that, it's easier for them to become a more intolerant and socially and politically malleable human being.

Most of us in Western culture have grown up with the notion that certain body parts are inappropriate, unacceptable or "obscene," and therefore need to be selectively covered in certain situations. Additionally, as a woman, I have keenly resented the discriminatory laws requiring that women, but not men, cover their breasts.

My strong feelings about mind, body, and spirit liberation led me to the naturist or nudist movement in 1984, whose members routinely remove their clothing in recreational settings, as when swimming or hot-tubbing. I quickly became enamored of the friendliness and lack of pretension of people who, I thought, felt as I did. And I found it sheer ecstasy to swim with nothing between myself and the elements.

However, after becoming a regularly featured columnist and feature writer for *The Event*, one of the chief naturist publications, and a free-lancer for two others, I discovered that all is not ecstasy in paradise. Several years of high visibility in the movement made some aspects highly visible to me — among them, the high preponderance in the naturist press of naked women posed in "cheesecake" positions to sell magazines, and the influx of child molesters into nudist camps. Because of many nudists' denial and outright protection of these practices, pedophiles find naturist territory ideal in which to prey upon children.

Clothing-optional living does not, in and of itself, foster child abuse or pornography. Someone with a natural, easy and non-exploitative attitude toward the body, sexuality and nudity will not be interested in child abuse — while "covering up" creates an atmosphere of shame and prudishness, which then allows the pornography industry to exploit people's repression. However, the more I became involved with the naturist movement and visited different nudist camp facilities, the more disturbed I was by what I found there. What had initially promised to be a wonderful opportunity to eliminate one's body shame often proved to be just the opposite.

The organized nudist movement has been fraught with protests from women and some men who have objected to the lecherous attitudes and behavior towards women and children by many of its male members and also its (male) leaders.

Naturists and nudists, like other segments of the society, need to address male dominance, the sexual subordination of women and children to men, and the sexual repression that has created our clothing-compulsive culture in the first place. Until they do, they will continue to behave like the rest of "normal" society: sniggering at sex and the human body, harassing women at public events, publishing sexually provocative photographs of women and children in their magazines — and molesting children.

I wish I could say that my experience at Sunny Rest *(Page 13)* is atypical. Unfortunately, it happens at too many nudist resorts.

Disappointed by nudism/naturism and its male-dominated hierarchy, Nina Silver resigned from her writing position at ***The Event*** *in February, 1990. At that time she requested that her photo not be published in the N and N press and that her name be dropped from the staff page. (See page 18.)*

Event *editor Bern Loibl's reply to Nina was pathetically insufficient. (Page 19.) To Loibl and others in the N/N male hierarchy Silver had become just another instance of "negative" female discontent. Her resignation letter was never published by* The Event *and no mention of it has appeared in any nudist/naturist publication.*

Nina Silver Resigns From The Event

This "open letter" to Bern Loibl, publisher of The Event, was written for publication in February, 1990. To date it has not been published. Loibl's reply follows.

Dear Bern:

It is with a great deal of thought and regret that I ask you to remove my name from the masthead of *The Event*. I shall not be submitting any more articles to you, nor do I give permission for any of my writing or photographs in which I appear to be published in *The Event* as of this date.

I want you to know why I have made this decision. But, I do want to say first that joining naturist groups and knowing you personally and professionally have meant a great deal to me over the past five-and-a-half years. The clothing-optional lifestyle has been immensely liberating and powerful for me, I've met some dear friends, and have had some wonderful opportunities to develop my writing, which I will always appreciate.

I haven't suddenly decided that being socially and recreationally nude is a bad idea. On the contrary, I am as committed as ever to the clothing-optional lifestyle and mindset. However, what I strongly object to is the way in which this mindset has been exploited by The Naturist Society and groups that are its offshoots.

The final catalyst to my decision was seeing my poem "You've Seen Me" in the last issue of *The Event*. I was saddened, dismayed and disgusted to see it illustrated by a photograph of a seated nude woman with bent knees and hair hiding her face. Why?, you might ask. What's wrong with this picture? Nothing, in proper context. But Bern, this isn't the proper context. Every time I pick up a naturist publication and see the photographs it selects to print, one blazing question reverberates: *Why are there so many pictures and drawings of naked women in these magazines?* During a recent telephone call when we discussed the poem, you said you thought a better title was, "I Am The Elements." Clearly, you understand the theme of the poem. So when I saw David Gen's photo of a vulnerable-looking woman accompanying the piece, I had to wonder what your motives are. After all, in your very successful career in advertising as a talented copywriter, you're aware of the best way to sell merchandise. Unfortunately, what's true in the larger culture has remained true for naturist publications: put a woman next to the item, and it'll sell.

I'm tired of seeing such a disproportionate number of naked women in *The Event*. I'm tired of seeing "art" of naked women, photos of nude beauty pageants, and sexually provocative naturist ads of the "Educating Julie" video (where she's described as "innocent") and a book whose cover portrays a woman's buttocks spread by a G-string. I was surprised and disappointed when you printed a classified ad from a man who wanted underage girls as photography models. You cancelled the ad — but only after Nikki Craft pointed out to you what this man was advertising for. You should have known better. Why didn't you?

I'm tired of seeing such a disproportionate number of naked women in *The Event*. I'm tired of seeing "art" of naked women, photos of nude beauty pageants, and sexually provocative naturist ads of the "Educating Julie" video (where she's described as "innocent") and a book whose cover portrays a woman's buttocks spread by a G-string.

You're not stupid, Bern. You've made decisions based on compromise and what is expedient for you. I am sad because once, you might have understood why I am withdrawing my alliance from this movement. And as you mentioned to me almost a year ago, you had figured out why you yourself were dissatisfied with the movement: because people were not exercising clothing-optionality at events. They were *clothing-obsessed* (your word), with nudity as the ultimate goal rather than one of the means of attaining a goal (as in getting undressed to swim). This nudity-obsessiveness has not changed; in fact, it's gotten worse.

I can state this with certainty, for at the June 1989 East Coast Gathering, I was physically accosted by several men, several times by each, despite my clear statements that I did not like this treatment. Imagine walking down a path and a man in front of you holds out his arms so that you have to make a wide berth around him to avoid being grabbed by him. Imagine doing this again. And yet a third time — without having given any indication that you wished physical contact. Is this paranoia? Absolutely not. And some of this occurred with an officer of Tri-State Metro Naturists with whom I had spoken a year before, telling him that if he just gave me a chance to greet him without being grabby, I'd be more inclined to say hello. I told him I didn't like being pulled and clutched whether I was on line for dinner or walking, and he acknowledged his neediness. A year later, however, when this happened, it was as though we had never spoken.

I experienced other similar incidents at the Gathering; plus, at two o'clock one morning, two men barged into the women's cabin where I was staying like sexually pent-up adolescents, wanting to "party." Another man told me he comes to gatherings to look at naked women. Are many of the naturist males sexually obsessed? Undoubtedly, and some of the misconduct involves the leaders of this movement.

During my first and only visit to Sunny Rest Nudist Resort last summer, the owners told me of two instances of child molestation within the past few years, one involving several adults with one child at the same time. Yet the owners justified the swinging atmosphere they acknowledge exists at Sunny Rest, and hosted and participated in a lingerie show by the pool where the emcee made sexually explicit remarks (which I recorded) and adults acted out sexually in front of children. Finally, a man whom I met at a recent local swim told me that

Continued on next page ☞

(Continued from Page 18)
when he telephoned a membership officer of Tri-State, the man talked to him for half an hour about how hard up he was for "girls," that there were so few "girls" in the movement. With this attitude, is there any wonder why?

Apparently, the powers in the naturist movement want to maintain social nudity at all costs, so the price we pay is one of self-enforced ignorance and a fear that our precious suntans will be taken away from us. Yet if social nudity is a freedom that is legitimate and viable, it will survive whatever irrelevancies and indignities are foisted upon it.

Many of these men want the freedom to be socially nude with women and not change their disgusting chauvinistic attitudes. But there are even more women who won't stand for this, as evidenced by the much-lamented absence of female naturist participation. There's no such thing as half-liberation, for being nude and lascivious at the same time in the name of clothing-optional living is a bogus liberation.

The fact that naturist leaders and club owners have deliberately concealed the exploitation and sexual abuse in the movement — and silence the women and men who try to point them out — makes no sense in view of what naturism is supposed to stand for, which you elaborated on beautifully in the interview I did with you (issue #21). Unless, that is, there are other factors motivating these men. Evidently there are. Many of these men want the freedom to be socially nude with women and not change their disgusting chauvinistic attitudes. But there are even more women who won't stand for this, as evidenced by the much-lamented absence of female naturist participation. There's no such thing as half-liberation, for being nude and lascivious at the same time in the name of clothing-optional living is a bogus liberation. That is not what clothing-optionality is all about. With all rights come responsibilities, and men shouldn't be exercising their "right" to be undressed if men won't take responsibility for keeping their hands to themselves.

It is spurious for me to continue associating my name with a movement which sponsors events to which I have publicly stated I wouldn't dream of bringing my female friends because of the predatory behavior and sexual frustration of some of the men who attend them. Likewise, it would be fraudulent for me to identify myself with a magazine that no longer wishes to explore the larger picture it had once committed itself to examining — which indeed ignores its responsibility to give its readers the facts, all of them, down to the arrests and convictions for child pornography and sexual abuse involving some highly visible naturist males. As a single individual, I cannot rectify an attitude that you and others constantly support and encourage in your periodicals.

Many fine women and men have joined and left this movement. I am grateful for having had the opportunity to meet them and will maintain those friendships. I will continue to both exercise a clothing-optional lifestyle and educate people in my writing about eliminating the repressive conditioning that makes them less than what they could be. But I cannot put energy into any structure that has so many self-serving obstacles to the liberation of the human spirit

Respectfully,
Nina Silver
NY., NY.

Dear Nina,

I am neither surprised nor disappointed with your decision to disassociate from *The Event*. It has been expected, and subtly encouraged for some time.

Good luck!
Bern Loibl
Feb. 25, 1990

the **ICON***oclast*

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N VERSUS N

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ANALYSIS

STEPHANIE PIASCZIK

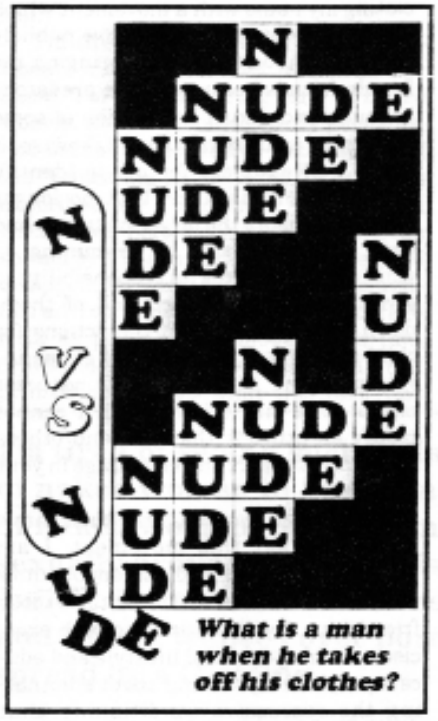
Among even the most veteran observers of non-normative behavior between members of the human species, there has long been considerable confusion about the distinction between "nudist" and "naturist," two lesser-known variants of that ill-defined group of persons who have at some juncture been observed without their clothes.

Various observers have proposed different standards for making that distinction, but the project has been fraught with difficulties. Though nudists and naturists alike seem to possess a peculiar obsession with identifying themselves, it is often not practical to ask for the information. Attempts at isolating key field markings have largely failed, though some researchers have had limited success with close scrutiny of the labels and other markings on beach towels, beach bags, and similar accessories. Still others have attempted to link specific "colonies" with one group or another, but the established migratory patterns of the two groups overlap to such an extent that site-specific identification is impossible.

The focus, then, has shifted to a search for "principles," with corresponding behaviors that might be reliably used for field identification. Most efforts to date have been advanced by nudists and naturists themselves, and have suffered from a fatal lack of objectivity, manifest principally in all accounts by the aggressive denial of reliably reported contradictions between the stated principles and observed behaviors of both groups.

In fact, the compiled reports of field observers are remarkable for the utter failure to find any behaviors which distinguish one group from the other. A review of common characteristics will thus be of value to those with little or no experience among either group.

Both groups have evolved complex and highly specialized structures of male dominance. The social role of women is largely ornamental, though some women do fulfill the valuable function of providing children for certain male rituals. While naturists may claim to be "pro-woman," in both groups male members reserve the right to define the proper appearance, behavior, and social role of women. Women who deviate from the norm, or who dare to question it, are banished from the group.



In the face of overwhelming behavioral evidence that there is no meaningful distinction between "nudist" and "naturist," how do we account for the obsessive insistence by both parties that such a distinction exists?

The answer, it seems, might be found in a review of evolutionary history. In an earlier epoch, the nudists alone existed, and had already developed their complex pyramid of male hierarchy. Among their members was a young male named Lee Baxandall — an outcast from a group of leftist intellectuals. Baxandall sought to challenge the established leaders of the nudists, but failed to find a footing. Frustrated, egocentric, and with sufficient inherited capital to do something, Baxandall proceeded to create a for-profit society, founded on a trivial distinction, with himself as sole owner, manager, beneficiary, and supreme being of the society, as well as publisher and editor of the societie's magazine *Nude and Natural*. Like lemmings, thousands of nudists followed.

Underlying the relatively insubstantial distinction on which "naturism" was founded lay a small kernel of truth: there were indeed a few "principled" people, "free-beach" advocates among them, who were genuinely concerned with an objective that some texts describe as the "liberating" potential of social nudity. And certain obscure, recently discovered documents indicate that some small portion of the group was genuinely concerned with the "liberation" of women from their traditional position in the society. But the surviving evidence suggest that their numbers were small, and that they eschewed the more traditional rituals of the group: as best we can tell, they did not buy beach towels, nor did they travel (often) to Caribbean resorts. Nor, it seems, did they spend much time looking at nude pictures in the magazines, being at the beach so often themselves.

The Naturist Society, then, is best understood as an evolutionary detour in the nudist cul-de-sac.

But in the context of our discussion, another point may be more significant: they seem to have rebelled against the authority of their patriarch. Hence Baxandall sought his lemmings where he could find them: at the clubs and re-

(Continued on Page 23 ☛)

NOPE VETOS COMMEMORATIVE NUDIST STAMP

Dear Mr. O'hara:

Now is the time — we should take action to make this objective a reality. A stamp commemorating nudism would be a marvelous accomplishment. Not only would it honor the philosophy of nudism, but it would incorporate the artistic value of the Nude for the first time on an American stamp. It would be a guaranteed collector's item as well.

I envision a discreetly posed female, surrounded by lush vegetation. The "unveiling" of the new stamp could be held at a nudist resort.

I hope every member of your organization will write the Stamp Selection Committee.

Sincerely,
Godfrey Daniels

Mr. Daniels, it is with regret that ***N.O.P.E.*** *is unable to give your commemorative nudist stamp idea our stamp of approval. In fact, until there are some fundamental changes made in the nudist philosophy we must encourage our members to write letters objecting to your proposal.*

The redoubtable Jeff Freedom [naturist, convicted child molester and self proclaimed "recovering pedophile."] of Sexual Freedom League has been bold enough to write the United Nation's Javier Perez de Cuellar suggesting that the U.N. issue a nude Olympics stamp to commemorate next year's Olympics. The chances of the stamp being issued are probably not too great, but the nation of Sweden has already issued a stamp depicting a nude child, a February 1982 issue titled: "Graziella."

Text and drawing of stamp reprinted from Wonderland Collector's Guild.

Michael O'Hara
Philatelic Communications Specialist
Stamp Support Branch
475 L'Enfant Plaza, SW
Washington, D.C. 20260

Dear Mr. O'Hara,

Our office has just received a letter from a nudist man requesting that we write your committee a letter regarding his vision of "a discreetly posed [nude] female, surrounded by lush vegetation" on your next commemorative stamp. This letter is written in opposition to such a proposition.

Enclosed is an article about Jefferson "Clitlick" Freedom which was written by David Techter. Techter, before his death several years ago, admitted to raping girls as young as eight years old. At the time he wrote this article he was the editor and publisher of a nudist and child pornography collectors' guild entitled, *Wonderland: Newsletter of the Lewis Carroll Collectors Guild.*

Jefferson Freedom, a colleague of Techter, who was also committed to working for such a commemorative stamp, is currently an active naturist (nudist), long-time pedophile organizer, and recently convicted child molester who is on probation taking Depro-pravera hormone treatments in an attempt to stave off his uncontrollable sexual attraction to children.

NOPE does not support Jefferson Freedom's and other naturist/nudist efforts to put "the nude" on any kind of commemorative stamp. We reject the notion that a representation of a nude woman anywhere will lead to more acceptance of the human body, but believe that it will, instead, create a broadened tolerance of exploitation and commercialization of nudity and women as a class. **NOPE** supports clothing-optionality and a change in attitudes about the human body, but we actively oppose the objectification and commodification of the human body, particularly regarding women and children.

Please, Mr. O'Hara, we urge your committee to veto his request until such time that nudist/naturist men can clean up their lifestyle and broaden their vision beyond "a discreetly posed female [or child]... representing the philosophy of nudism (which is too often "the nude" as an object of sexual use hidden behind the rubric of "artistic value."). It is a request that **NOPE** believes will further commercialize the human body for use by collectors, pornographers, nudist editors, publishers and — as would happen were this stamp to be issued — the federal government.

Sincerely,
Nikki Craft, Nov. 14, 1989

P.S. For your committee's information I have enclosed several copies of *the* **ICON***oclast.*

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

Hi Nikki:

I disagree with George Marx's blanket characterization of pedophiles as "lacking self-confidence" and merely acting out their "needs for acceptance" [*the* **ICON***oclast* Vol. 2 #1]. Marx writes "On one level they do really care about the children that they sexually abuse." George, you are confusing *real caring* and *really feeling* (or heatedly pretending) that one cares, as if you and we had no right or responsibility to tell the difference.

With no empirical evidence of any kind, you throw around this universal alibi: lack of self-confidence, which allows so many male abusers to gain sympathy and support, stay in control, hog available resources and avoid sanctions. But why don't you compare Phil Pedo's braggings and denials with what we know about the destruction of self-image in children raped by pedophiles? By all empirical accounts, the self-confidence of victims is a lot lower than that of their molesters. Why listen only to *men's* claims?

Claiming "low self-esteem" appears to be par for the pedophile course: it is easy enough for child molesters to find themselves a VOCAL-recommended shrink that will cover for them with this kind of psychobabble if absolutely necessary and, of course, one's "self-confidence" takes somewhat of a nosedive when a half-decent D.A. has got you cornered. But why is lack of self-confidence such an easy cover for men? Isn't it because, in this civilization of Self-Aggrandizement, men are presumed to never have enough and because, contrary to your "narcissism" diagnosis, the whole world owes it to them to provide support, should their almighty Self ever appear to wane? As Andrea Dworkin wrote in *Pornography: Men Possessing Women:* "Self is incrementally expanded as the parasite drains self from those not entitled to it. To him it is given by faith and action from birth. His is never big enough; hers is always too big, however small."

Even if Lack of Self-Confidence (LSC) was the issue, what would you do? Set up a neighborhood watch of LSC males, or furnish them with children to get it up? Indeed, it is unthinkable to reproach men for *too much* self-esteem, a charge that seems reserved for women, who certainly get no breaks for lack of self-confidence: it comes with the role. So, George, oops! it appears that you are using a highly sexist double standard.

Pedophiles are really hot this month here in Quebec. Lack of self-confidence? Wish you were here. A famous Parisian columnist/writer preens in his published diary and on TV about the youths he likes to sodomize by the dozens "before they turn into women who are all hysterics!". A liberal media star reveals that by screwing a 15-year-old, he "protects" the child from street violence. A celebrated counter-culture poet screams his hate at mothers who try to keep pre-teen children from him. And the rare people (women) who dare to protest are dragged over hot coals as "censors."

Why are we so easy on men? The worst they act, the more we protect them. Why is their every want automatically recast as a "need?" Their every abuse of non-men disappeared and reversed as the expression of some "problem" they must have and must be helped with, rather than stopped? Let me play psychologist too. I think that it's because we desperately want to go on believing that Men Are Good. The Men's Movement, to which you belong, has undertaken to enshrine this fantasy in the face of the ugly truth about men's current choices and how easily men remain unaccountable for these exploitative preferences. So the worse a guy is, the more we feel that he *must* lack self-confidence, as if we projected onto him our lack of courage to see him for what he is/does, and our own fear of losing confidence in men and in their system on the word of mere women or children.

Fancy hypothesis. We need action more than speculation. For all our philosophical meanderings, there are laws against child molesting and the tremendous work done by Nikki and her friends amply demonstrates how cagey these boys are at escaping exposure, prosecution and sanctions.

Raping and exploiting children is a political act, done consciously and strategically. Whose side are you on, George? Why are you chosing to tell us of *men's* "needs"? You used to run the Men Against Rape Clearinghouse, trying to counter, among other myths, the fiction that rapists are psychologically unbalanced. Why the sudden switch to backseat psychiatry? And why build up class issues *against* gender issues, as if child molesters and their allies were almost never middle or working class (not true) or were "really" acting out class and not gender violence? Why do you say that the Bay Guardian's "Guide to Nude Beaches" exploits "sexuality" when your example demonstrates that it exploits women? I have seen enough gender-neutralizing around the Polytechnique *gynocide* [where 14 women were killed in Montreal] to understand it to be the equivalent of mental clitoridectomy!

The drive of female naturists toward liberation has too often been co-opted by the drive of most men to more sexploitation. I am convinced that we will never come to understand how and why this happens, as long as our view of men naively fails to recognize their conscious, organized, and ongoing subordination of women and children, a connection so clearly documented by Nikki and other very courageous feminists in the case of pedophilia and pornographic exploitation. So George, please stop basing your writings on your resistance to women's experience and words. Listen, learn, and shape up!

Martin Dufresne
Montreal Men Against Sexism
Montreal, Canada

Martin is a free-lance journalist, translator and pro-feminist activist who is an enthusiastic supporter of N.O.P.E.

(Letters continued on next page ☞)

Dear Editor:

Hats and clothes off to Nikki and the staff of *the* **ICON***oclast* for documenting the sordid collaboration between these pedopervs and the so-called "healthy-naturist" camp managers. What can these people be thinking?

Only the brave **ICON***oclast* investigators can ever plumb the intricacies of this snakepit of hypocrisy. I'll stay tuned.

(Buck's real name) **Pastor Buck Naked**
Church of the Subgenius
Dallas, Texas 75214

• • •

Dear Editor,

Enjoyed the issue of *the* **ICON***oclast* — a good reminder that abuse *and* denial are alive and well in every subgroup in the U.S. that I have ever heard of. After speaking to literally tens of thousands in the past decade about child sexual abuse, I never fail to find people in the audience (military, church, class, race, culture) who claim their group is VIRTUALLY exempt for one reason or another. Where do all those child molesters come from anyway? The answer is always, "Some other group than my own." Keep up your curiosity, your asking of hard questions, and most of all . . . your dedication.

Carol Plummer
Kalamazoo, MI

• • •

Dear Lee Baxandall:

It is with great sadness that I learn of the split in the Naturist movement. It is a disappointment to learn that an organization that had seemed to successfully combine feminist ideals with libertarian practice is in fact only pretending to be feminist. At Women Against Pornography we always defend nudity within the context of sexual equality. We were delighted when we discovered in the early 1980s that indeed there was a group that practiced the acceptance of the human form in all its variety, without fetishizing, hurting, or otherwise exploiting women's bodies for profit or pleasure. We were especially excited to see that Naturist Society activists included such great feminists as Nikki Craft and Michelle Handler. And I was glad to support naturism and publicly link it with the feminist anti-pornography movement, for example, in the letter which I sent to you and which you published in *Clothed with the Sun* in Autumn 1984.

But the refusal of the Naturist Society to publicly name men arrested and indicted for child molestation and to disassociate itself from these child molesters is shocking and inexcusable. The naturist movement endangers the physical, social, economic, and sexual welfare of children when it does not inform naturist parents about possible pedophiles in its midst. We now know too much about the lasting damage done to children who've been sexually abused for ignorance or apathy to be any kind of excuse to not take a stand on the issue. And it makes no sense whatsoever for a movement that is dedicated to body acceptance and body freedom to tolerate among its members those people who contribute to the manifestation of self-hatred in those whose concept of selfhood is only developing.

But, what is especially disturbing to me is the way the Naturist Society has treated two of its (formerly) most dedicated activists, Nikki and Michelle. These two have literally put their lives on the line more times than I can count. For women in our rape-prone society to protest in the nude in the name of body acceptance demonstrates the greatest bravery. They more than anyone else understand what is at stake, what's really revolutionary in naturism. That their criticisms of the movement are not only not acted on, but treated with contempt, is impossible to understand. For then what does the Naturist movement stand for, anyway? Quite literally it should have nothing to hide, but the reception of the critiques of Nikki, Michelle, and others would seem to indicate otherwise.

Until these issues are satisfactorily resolved, we must withdraw our support from the Naturist Society.

Lesley A. Rimmel
Women Against Pornography
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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The letter printed below was written to Nina Silver from Bruce Nappi, past chair of a Naturist Society's Family Special Interest Group (Family SIG).

Dear Nina,

I have also withdrawn from the national naturist effort. Not only was I disturbed by the lack of respect for women's views, I was indignant at the statements claiming naturism was a "family" movement and finding so few families. I became suspicious upon receiving requests from single men as far away as Pennsylvania to join the local NE family SIG. I never took action on these requests because the NE family SIG had ZERO. I repeat, ZERO active members.

What can we do to change the situation? I'm sure I don't have any simple solutions. Furthermore, being involved with family issues more broadly, I can say with assurance, the misconduct you observed is just the tip of a very big iceberg. My personal efforts are guided by a somewhat discouraging realization: no one (except the very young children) is innocent. Putting the obvious transgressors and look-the-other-way figureheads aside, the rest must share a large measure of irresponsibility. It is not "someone else's" job to make society work; all must face the fact that our culture is a mess. Each of us must actively work to right these wrongs as if our very "liberty" was at stake — it is.

Regards,
Bruce Nappi

Continued from Page 17

sorts, where smiling, shallow people lounged with all the right accessories, playing volleyball and watching fashion shows. The well-documented deterioration of his magazine with it's emphasis on nudist colonies locations and advertising is evidence of this shift.

The Naturist Society, then, is best understood in the context of an evolutionary, multi-linear cultural analysis of the patterns of male dominance and subordination among nudist males. Naturism is naught but an evolutionary detour in the nudist cul-de-sac.

There are those who remain committed to the project of women's liberation, and who recognize the need for body acceptance based on the true equality of women, and a nudity in which women are not reduced to fetishized commodity objects for the marketplace of male members. We long for the day when nudists and naturists find themselves extinct at last. ▲

Hustler cartoon artist Duane Tinsley (See cartoon on page 22.) was convicted of three counts of child molestation in January, 1990. Evidence in the trial indicated that Tinsley told co-workers, "You can't write this stuff all the time if you don't experience it." The woman, now 19 years old, said some of his cartoons were based on things he did to her. Tinsley still works as a cartoonist for *Hustler*.

I•CON•*o*•*clast*

- A destroyer of sacred images.
- One who opposes the use or worship of sacred images.
- One who attacks and seeks to overthrow traditional or popular ideas or institutions. *(Medieval Latin* iconoclastes, *from Medieval Greek* eikonoklastes, *"image breaker.")*

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Nikki Craft
Associate Editors
Stephen Paskey
Michelle Anderson
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N.O.P.E. *Nudists and Naturists Opposing Pornographic Exploitation*

•AS NATURISTS we are public advocates of body acceptance and clothing optionality. We assert every person's right to exercise an informed and responsible control of her or his own body and sexuality. Rejecting puritanism, we also condemn pornography. We oppose voyeurism and sexual objectification of women's bodies wherever it is done, whether in mainstream advertising, in clothed and unclothed beauty pageants, or in nudist and naturist media.

•*N.O.P.E.* recognizes the importance of portraying positive images of nudity of families and children. We also recognize there are legitimate concerns about when and how children should be exposed to nudity. We acknowlege the importance of how and even *if* their images should be made public; and when images of their nudity include unwanted sexual connotations while providing sexual access for adult males.

•*N.O.P.E.* knows that child abusers and child pornographers are exploiting the nudist/naturist movement with their hidden agendas at every level of the movement. We won't have it!

•*N.O.P.E.* says nope to government censorship, and nope to corporate exploitation. Aware of how media can influence as well as mirror the reality, *N.O.P.E.* condemns the entertainment of consumers with incessant, eroticized violence.

•*N.O.P.E.* seeks with clear analysis, critical statements and directed actions to make corporations and media responsible for their advertising and products, especially when exploitation is extolled as "liberation" and pornography as "wholesome body acceptance."

•NOPE will work to identify and hold individuals accountable for their sexual abuse of others in the false name of nudism and naturism.

N.O.P.E. is dedicated to education and networking toward a clothes-optional ethic while confronting pornographic values within the naturist community and in all facets of our culture.

Agree with these purposes? We believe you'll want to

Say Yes to NOPE

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ PLEASE list my name with public supportors of NOPE. (If you've not checked this box, your identity will be held in strict confidence.)

☐ Membership $25.00 (more if you can; less if you can't) (-----)

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